

When with helm and trump they came  
To do battle with the flame ;  
And their courage mounted higher  
With the spreading of the Fire !  
Hear the rafters tumble in  
With a sudden, horrid din !  
Now the minutes seem like hours,  
While the sparks fall in red showers—  
Ever falling down, down, down,  
With a threat to all the town.

See, yonder on that roof  
Where a fireman risks his life,  
Putting fortune to the proof  
As this awful midnight strife  
Rises higher !  
Will he hold on, think you, friends ?  
Yes ; thank God ! he puts it out.  
Now the hero turns about  
And descends.  
And behold again he goes  
To fight those cruel foes,  
Those undulating billows of the Fire !

## VI.

Where saw you greater dash ?  
Where saw you men more rash ?